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Poetry.

DECK OF THE "OUTWARD BOUND."

BY ELIZA COOK.

How seldom we dream of the mariner's grave,
Far down by the coral strand:
How little we think of the wind and the wave,
When all we love are on land!
The hurricane comes and the hurricane goes,
And little heed do we take,
Though the tree may snap as the tempest blows,
And the walls of our homestead shake.
But the northest wind tells a different tale,
With a voice of fearful sound,
When a loved one is under a close reef'd sail,
On the deck of an "outward bound."

How wistful then we look on the night,
As the threat'ning clouds go by—
As the wind gets up, and the last faint light
Is dying away in the sky!
How we listen and gaze with a silent lip,
And judge by the bended tree,
How the same wild wind might toss the ship,
And arouse the mighty sea!
Ah! sadly then do we meet the day,
When signs of storms are found,
And pray for the loved one far away,
On the deck of an "outward bound."

There is one that I cherished when, hand in hand,
We roved o'er the lowland lea;
And I thought that my love for that one on the land,
Was earnest as love could be:
But now that he hath gone out on the tide,
I find that I worship the more,
And I think of the waters deep and wide,
And I beat on the flowers on shore.
I have watched the world, I have watched the stars,
And shrunk from the tempest sound; [spars
For my heart-strings are wreathed with the slender
That carry the "outward bound."

I have slept when the zephyrs forget to creep,
And the sky was without a frown,
But I started soon from that fretful sleep
With the dream of a ship going down.
I have sat in the field when the corn was in shock,
And the reaper's hook was bright,
But my fancy conjured the breaker and rock,
In the dead of a moonless night.
O, I will never measure affection again,
While treading earth's flowery mound,
But wait till the loved one is far o'er the main,
On the deck of an "outward bound."

NO GOD.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"No God! No God!" The simplest flower,
That on the wild is found,
Shrinks, as it drinks its cup of dew,
And trembles at the sound:
"No God!"—astonished Echo cries
From out her cavern hear,
And every wandering bird that flies,
Reproves the Atheist lore.

The solemn forest lifts its head,
The Almighty to proclaim,
The brooklet, on its crystal urn,
Doth leap to grave his name.
How swells the deep and vengeful sea,
Along its billowy track,
The red Vesuvius opes his mouth
To hurl the falsehood back.

The palm-tree, with its princely crest,
The cocoa's leafy shade,
The bread fruit bending to its lord,
In yon far island glade;
The winged seeds, that, borne by winds,
The roving sparrows feed,
The melon, on the desert sands,
Confute the scorner's creed.

"No God!" With indignation, high
The fervent Sun is stirr'd,
And the pale Moon turns paler still,
At such an impious word:
And from their burning thrones, the Stars
Look down with angry eye,
That thus a worm of dust should mock
Eternal majesty.

Choice Miscellany.

A RAINY SABBATH, AT DEACON HAMLIN'S.

BY HANNAH E. BRADBURY.

"Bless me! how it rains!" and the good Deacon, rising upon his elbow, drew aside the curtain and peered forth into the outer door world.

He had a strangely comfortable feeling as he contemplated the softly descending rain, which arose partly from the fact that his crops were needing the nourishing moisture, and partly—well, it was Sunday morning. So the Deacon turned upon his side and settled himself for another doze.

Now Deborah, the Deacon's worthy help-mate, was ill at ease, for already had the old kitchen clock told the hour of seven, and had it been Monday instead of Sabbath, the whole household would have been astir two hours earlier. So after sundry knocks and thrusts, which failed to produce the desired effect upon the sleepy Deacon, she arose and descended to the kitchen.

After preparing breakfast, it was no easy matter to rally the occupants of the bed room; but at length Deborah's eloquence, combined with the persuasive fragrance of her coffee, prevailed, and the Deacon, with a face expressive of the most decorous and becoming dignity, befitting the day, seated himself at the table, and was soon joined by two stout lads in their teens and a young girl of twelve.

None of this small breakfast party were disposed to be very talkative, but Miss Lucy ventured to ask her mother if they were to attend meeting.

Deborah looked inquiringly at the Deacon, but he was too busily occupied with coffee and toast to heed the look, and with her usual quiet and submissive tones she asked:

"Shall Charles harness the horse after breakfast?"

"Why, Deborah, you would not think of going out in all this rain," answered the Deacon.

"We have a close carriage, and with my thick shawl I can go very comfortably."

"Nonsense! Deborah, you'll be sure to get a cold sitting in damp clothes in that cold church, and besides, the horse is in the back pasture, and cannot be caught without a deal of trouble; and I do not like the carriage to be out in this rain and mud."

Deborah was silent; she was habitually a woman of few words, and never thought of opposing her husband's wishes. She even wondered, as she moved gently about the kitchen, performing those household duties which cannot be omited on the Sabbath, whether she had not been a little bold in suggesting to her husband the propriety of attending meeting, and then—strange that such rebellious thoughts should trouble Deborah—but it seemed to her simple, church-loving heart that the Deacon had grown wonderfully careful of the carriage since Thursday, for on that day he rode ten miles in the rain to attend a political meeting.

After prayer—Deacon Hamlin never omitted family worship on the Sabbath, and not often on week days, unless planting, haying or harvesting pressed heavily—the conscientious farmer called for the papers, and read very carefully the pages of the "Independent." Now Deacon Hamlin did not approve of reading secular and political papers Sabbath day, but he had read every thing of interest in the "Independent," not omitting a long article on the best method of curing hay, long before noon, and there, within reach of his itching fingers, lay the "Tribune," containing an epitome of everything worth knowing. The Deacon did not mean to read it, but the temptation just to glance at the leading articles, to see what was agitating the public mind, overcame his religious scruples, and Deborah's call to come to dinner surprised him in the midst of an an extremely interesting article on the "Rights of Woman."

During dinner, the Deacon gravely catechised his children on the manner of spending the morning; and finding that the boys had been reading one of Cooper's sea tales, and Miss Lucy had been weeping over the sorrows of "little Girty," he thought such serious violations of propriety required equally severe reprimands, and in punishment thereof, he assigned each of them a Scripture lesson to be repeated at the tea table, easing his conscience by some very appropriate remarks on the frivolous character of light literature, and the heartily expressed wish that every novel was "at the bottom of the sea."

The afternoon, at the Deacon's, wore away much like the morning. Deborah read Pilgrim's Progress and Judson's Memoirs, and the deacon finished the Tribune, and then, taking his umbrella and a bag of salt, went forth to the pastures to look after his numerous flocks and herds, for if any one of his sheep had fallen into a pit on the Sabbath day, how could the Deacon have lifted it out, had he been at church? Charles and Henry committed the portion of Scripture assigned to them, and then, not daring to resume the novel, strolled about the farm, and talked knowingly about the prospect for harvest.

Probably the most joyous feeling experienced by any member of the family during the day, was when the kitchen clock told the hour of retiring.

May the time be far distant when another rainy Sabbath keeps the Deacon's family from church, and long, long be the time ere his pastor's heart is chilled with the sight of his empty pew!

A STRANGE PHENOMENON.

We have never seen in print a notice of the following strange fact, although every steamboat acquainted with Green River navigation, can verify its truth.—Just about the locks, when the river is in a low stage, for several miles steamboats shut down their furnace doors and allow no torches to be lighted, for fear of what the deck hands call "setting the river on fire!" Frequently boats using torches or keeping their furnace doors open, at this particular place, have themselves engulphed in blue flames, greatly to the alarm of passengers, and in several cases setting the steamer on fire. In some instances the passengers have only been prevented by the strenuous exertions of officers, from leaping overboard in their alarm. The cause of the singular phenomenon is simply this: The bottom of the river becomes covered with forest leaves and rubbish to the depth of some inches, probably several feet.—Boats in low water run through this bed of vegetable matter, their wheels stirring it up thoroughly. An inflamable gas is thus permitted to escape, which on communicating with a flame, at once takes fire and burns with a blue blaze. At such times the boat is stopped and the flames cease. When out, the boat goes on again, taking the precautions mentioned above. Unless allowed to continue some little time, this burning gas is not apt to communicate its flame to wood—but is quite sufficient to seriously alarm those not acquainted with its cause. —*Evansville, Ind. Journal.*

AN EARTHLY PARADISE.

Of South America, especially its interior, we know but little. The explorations of Herndon and Gibbon have given us more reliable information concerning it, than, perhaps, all other travelers and writers combined. Some months since, we noticed at considerable length, the work of the first named. That of the latter we have just read, with even greater interest. We give below an interesting sketch, selected from this book, of the Department and city of Santa Cruz, situated near the eastern boundary of Bolivia, and almost mid-way between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. With no commerce other than that carried on by mule trains, and cut off from intercourse with the world, it scarcely feels the loss of either. Its natural productions make it independent of all other countries. Their great variety and its equitable and luxurious climate make it a "Happy Valley," an earthly paradise. But let the author speak for himself:

"When we look at the list of productions in that region of country, we are struck with the independence of its inhabitants upon all external trade. A breakfast table in Santa Cruz, constructed of beautiful cedar wood, is described, covered with white cotton cloth, silver plates and dishes, with silver cups, forks, and spoons; coffee, sugar, cream, butter, corn and wheat bread, mutton, eggs, and oranges, are all produced in the province. Beef is found on the pampa, game in the woods, and fish in the rivers. Potatoes and all the garden vegetables are raised upon the plantations. The arm chair of the creole is made of the ornamental "Caoba," or mahogony tree. Eight guests may be seated, each one in a different species of mahogany. His Indian servants gather grapes, make wine, collect the tropical fruits, and tobacco; while his wife or daughter take pride in well made cigars. The climate is such that horses roam about all the year; there is no expense for stabling the animals. No barns are necessary for the protection of his harvests during a hard winter. His house may be as open as a shed. What little thin clothing and bedding his family require are supplied by the soil, and worked into fine cloth by the hands of Indians, who spin, weave, and sew. Silver he cares little for except in table use. Gold ounces are melted into crosses and earrings for the Indian girls. The inhabitants of Santa Cruz are therefore the most indolent in the world; under its hospitable climate, few men exert themselves beyond what is absolutely necessary.

When he takes a fancy to wear striped trousers, he plants a row of white cotton and a row of yellow. These colors contrast without the trouble of dye-stuff; should he wish a blue, he plants a row of indigo; when he requires red, he gathers cochineal from among the woods, where he also finds a bark which produces a deep black, which the women often employ to dye their white dresses.

The heart-leaved bixa grows wild; the vanilla bean scents the door-way, while the coffee and chocolate trees shade it. The sugar cane may be planted in any part of the province, to be manufactured into sugar, rum, and molasses, during the year of planting.

It may be well to give, from report, an outline of the daily life of a family in this town. Very early in the morning the creole, getting out of bed, throws himself into a hamac; his wife stretches herself upon a bench near by, while their children seat themselves with their legs under them on the chairs, *all* in their night dresses. The Indian servant girl enters with a cup of chocolate for each member of the family. After which she brings some coals of fire in a silver dish. The wife lights her husband a cigar, then one for herself. Some time is spent reclining, chatting and regaling. The man slowly pulls on his cotton trousers, woolen coat, leather shoes, and vicuna hat, with his neck exposed to the fresh air—silk handkerchiefs are scarce—he walks to some near neighbor's, with whom he again drinks chocolate and and smokes another cigar.

At midday a small low table is set in the middle of the room, and the family go to breakfast. The wife sits next to her husband; the women are very pretty and affectionate to their husbands.—He chooses her from among *five*, there being about that number of women to one man in the town. The children seat themselves, and the dogs form a ring behind. The first dish is a chupe of potatoes with large pieces of meat. The man helps himself first, and throws his bones straight across the table; a child dodges his head to give it a free passage, and the dogs rush after it as it falls upon the ground floor. A child then throws his bone, the mother dodges, and the dogs rush behind her. The second dish holds small pieces of beef without bones. Dogs are now fighting. Next comes a dish with finely-chopped beef; then beef soup, vegetables, and fruits; finally, cogee or chocolate. After breakfast the man pulls off his trousers and coat, and lies down with his drawers in the hamac. His wife lights him a cigar. The dogs jump up and lie down upon the chairs—the fleas bite them on the ground.—The Indian girl closes both doors and windows, takes the children out to play, while the rest of the family sleep.

At 2 p. m. the church bells ring to let the people know the priests are saying a prayer for them, which rouses them up. The man rises, stretches his hand above his head and gapes; the dogs get down, and whiningly stretch themselves; while the wife sits up in bed and loudly calls for "fire;" the Indian girl reappears with a "chunk" for her mistress to light her master another cigar, and she smokes again herself. The dinner, which takes place between 4 and 5, and is nearly the same as breakfast, except when a beef is recently killed by the Indians, then they have a boil. The ribs and other long bones of the animal are trimmed of flesh, leaving the bones thinly coated with meat; these are laid across a fire and roasted: the members of the family, while employed with them, look as if all were practising music.

A horse is brought into the house by an Indian man, who holds while the "patron" saddles and bridles him; he then puts on a pair of silver spurs, which cost forty dollars, and mounting, he rides out of the front door to the opposite house; halting, he takes off his hat and calls out "Buenas tardes, senoritas"—good evening, ladies. The ladies make their appearance at the door; one lights him a cigar; another mixes him a glass of lemonade to refresh himself after his ride. He remains in the saddle talking, while they lean gracefully against the door post, smiling with their bewitching eyes. He touches his hat and rides on to another neighbor. After spending the afternoon in this way he rides into his house again. The Indian holds the horse by the bridle while the master dismounts. Taking off the saddle, he throws it into one chair, the bridle into another, his spurs on a third, and himself into the hamac; the Indian leads out the horse, the dogs pull down the riding gear to the floor, and lay themselves on their usual beds.

Chocolate and cigars are repeated.—Should the Creole be handed a letter of introduction by a stranger traveling through the country, he immediately offers his hamac and a cup chocolate.—The baggage will be attended to, and as long as the traveler remains, he is treated with a degree of kindness and politeness seldom met with in fashionable parts of the world. No alteration will be made in their mode of living on account of his being among them, except that the dogs and horses are kept out of the house, and there is less dodging of bones. Pride, and a natural feeling of good manners, prevent the stranger from seeing such performances. The Creele speaks of the wealth of his country in the most exaggerated manner; he has so many of the good things of the world at his door, that he naturally boasts; he thinks little of other parts of the world; he has no idea of leaving his own fruits and flowers. The roads are bad; he cares little for their use. When he leaves his native city, it is more for pleasure than for commerce. He is not obliged to build railroads that he may receive at low rates of freight the tea of China; the sugar of the West Indies; the flour, iron, or cotton goods of North America. His own climate is so agreeable that he seldom wishes to travel; there is no place like *his* home! When the traveler inquires how he would like to see a steamboat come to the mouth of the Piary river, the water of which he drinks, his eyes brighten, and he smilingly says "he would be delighted;" at once telling what he would put on board of her as a cargo for the people who sent her. He is contented with the roads constructed by the hand of the Creator of all things; but the Creole is honest in his desire to see what he has never seen—a steam engine move a vessel. He is ready to sell his produce to those who come to him; yet when you inquire what he desires from other parts of the world, it is very certain, from the length of time it takes him to answer, that he seldom thinks he is in want of anything; and if asked how much he is willing to subscribe towards purchasing a steamboat, his usual answer is, that "he has no money, and is very poor!"

It is calculated that two hundred thousand men have perished in the present European war

INTERESTING DISCOVERY.

AN ANCIENT AND CIVILIZED PEOPLE FOUND.

The following curious letter is calculated to arrest more than ordinary attention. It is from the pen of O. H. Green, of the U. S. sloop-of-war Decatur, is dated "off the Straits of Magellen, Feb., 15th," and appeared in the New Orleans Picayune of the 1st inst:

There being no appearance of a change of weather, I obtained leave of absence for a few days, and accompanied by my class-mate and chum, Dr. Bainbridge, Assistant Surgeon, was landed on Terra del Fuego. With great labor and difficulty we scrambled up the mountain sides, which line the whole southeast shore on these Straits, and after ascending 3500 feet, we came upon a plain of surpassing richness and beauty.—Fertile fields—the greatest variety of fruit trees in full bearing, and signs of civilization and refinement meeting us on every side. We had never read any account of these people, and thinking this Island was wholly deserted, except by a few miserable cannibals and wild beasts, we had come well armed, and you can judge of our surprise. The inhabitants were utterly astonished at our appearance, but exhibited no signs of fear, or any unfriendliness. Our dress amused them, and being the first white men ever seen by them, they imagined that we had come from their God, the Sun, on some peculiar errand of good. They are the noblest race I ever saw, the men all ranging from 6 feet to 6¼, well proportioned, very athletic, and straight as an arrow. The women were among the most perfect models of beauty ever formed, averaging 5 feet high, very plump, with small feet and hands, and a jet-black eye which takes you by storm. We surrendered at discretion, and remained two weeks with this strange people.

Their teachers of religion speak the Latin language, and have traditions from successive priests, through half a hundred centuries.

They tell us this Island was once attached to the main land; that about 1900 years ago, by their records, their country was visited by a violent earthquake, which occasioned the rent now known as the Straits of Magellan; that on the top of the mountain which lifted its head to the sun, whose base rested where the waters now flow, stood their great temple—which according to their description, as compared to the one now existing we saw, must have been 17,208 feet sqare, and over 1100 feet high, built of the purest pantile marble. A thousand reflections crowd upon the mind in viewing this people and this paradise, unknown to the world.

The ship is in sight that will carry this to you, and I must now close; only saying that the official report of Dr. Bainbridge to the Department, will be filled with the most interesting and valuable matter, and astonish the American people. The vessel proves to be the clipper ship Creeper, from the Chichi Islands, with guano, for your port, and I will avail myself of this opportunity to send you a specimen of painting on porcelain, said to be over 3000 years old; and an image, made of gold and iron, taken in one of their wars many years before the Straits of Magellan existed.

They number about three thousand men, women and children, and I was assured the population has not varied two hundred, as they prove by their traditions, for immemorable ages. As the aged grow feeble they are left to die, and if the children multiply too rapidly they are sacrificed by the priests. This order comprises about one-tenth of the population, and what the ancient Greeks called "Gymnosophists." They are all of one peculiar race, neither will they admit a stranger into their order. They live, for the most part, near the beautiful stream called Tanuhan, which takes its rise in the mountains, passes through the magnificent valley of Leuvu, and empties into the Atlantic at the extreme southwestern point of the Island.

This residence is chosen for the sake of their frequent purifications. Their diet consists of milk, curdled with sour herbs. They eat apples, rice, and all fruits and vegetables, esteeming it the height of impiety to taste anything that has life. They live in little huts or cottages, each one by himself, avoiding company and discourse, employing all their time in contemplation, and their religious duties. They esteem this life but a necessary dispensation of Nature, which they voluntarily do as a penance, evidently thirsting after the dissolution of their bodies; and firmly believing that the soul, at death, is released from its prison, and launched forth into perfect liberty and happiness. Therefore, they are always cheerfully disposed to die, bewailing those that are alive, and celebrating the funerals of the dead with joyful solemnities and triumph.

ANECDOTES OF DR. CHAPMAN.

The late Doctor Chapman, of Philadelphia, mourned of many who will laugh at his wit no more, has left behind him a memory that will be transmitted through generations. His wit was equal to his skill. It was hard to say which did his patients the most good, and as he always gave his best of both at the same time, they probably helped each other. Just as it happened when one of his patients revolted at a monstrous dose of physic, and said:

"Why, Doctor, you don't mean such a dose as this for a gentleman?"

"Oh, no," said the Doctor, "it is for *working* men!"

And a good laugh is often as good as a medicine. With him the pleasantry was as certain as the opportunity. Even in *extremis* it would come out of him.—He was walking in the streets, and a *baker's* cart, driven furiously, was about to run him down. The baker reined up suddenly, and just in time to spare the Doctor, who instantly took off his hat, and bowing politely exclaimed, "You are the best *bred* man in town."

At the great gathering in Philadelphia of the Medical Society of the United States, our literary and distinguished Dr. Francis and Dr. Chapman met, as they had done a thousand times before, having been friends for half a century. At a large dinner party a pompous little Dr. Mann, presuming that these gentlemen were strangers, said to Dr. Francis, "Let me introduce you to Dr. Chapman, the head of our profession in Philadelphia." It was too much for Dr. Chapman, who retorted, "Dr. Francis, let me introduce you to Dr. Mann, the *tail* of our profession in Philadelphia." Little Mann left the lions alone after that.

Very much against his will the Doctor was made a vestryman in his parish church, and one of his duties was to pass the plate for the contribution at the morning service. He presented it with great politeness and becoming gravity to the gentleman at the head of the pew nearest the chancel, who was not disposed to contribute. The faithful collector, nothing daunted, held the plate before him, and bowed, as if he would urge him to think the matter over and give *something*, a little something, and refused to go on till he had seen his silver on the plate.—In this way he proceeded down the aisle, victimizing every man till he came to the pew nearest the door, where sat an aged colored woman. To his surprise she laid down a piece of gold. "Dear me?" said the astonished Doctor, "you must be *Guinea* nigger." They never troubled the Doctor to go around with the plate after that.

Dr. Chapman was a delegate to the Convention of the Church, which was to hold its anual session at Pittsburgh.—Party spirit ran high, and the members, both clerical and lay, being men of like passions with other men, became more excited and violent in word and tone than was becoming so reverand and grave a body. When things had gone on at this rate for two days, and were nothing bettered, but rather grew worse, one of the most venerable members arose and said, that he thought these scenes were highly indecerus, especially as they were enacted in the presence of God, whose servants we all profess to be. Dr. Chapman, for the first time, now stood up, and with a peculiar twisting of his words, and the profound attention of the whole convention, remarked: "Mr. President, I think so, too. It is too bad. The members ought not to do so. But I do not feel the force of that last remark. The gentleman says, 'we ought not to conduct ourselves in this manner in the presence of God;' now, sir, to my certain knowledge, He has not been in this place since we came together."

The rebuke was so just, so pertinent, that priest and people felt it alike, and the business of the convention was conducted with decorum to its close.—*Harper's Magazine.*

A Quakeress, being jealous of her husband, watched his movements, and one morning actually discovered the truant hugging and kissing the pretty servant girl. Broadbrim was not long in discovering the face of his wife, as she peeped through the half-open door, and rising with all the coolness of a General, thus addressed her:

"Betsy, thee had better quit peeping, or thee will cause a disturbance in the family."

Horace Binney says that "the paths of trade fairly bristle with temptation." Mr. Binney alludes to the trade in dry-goods, groceries, &c.; but we imagine the trade which bristles most with temptations, is the hog-trade of the Western States. When a man once embarks in that trade, he is apt to "go the entire swine."

DIMENSIONS OF HEAVEN.

"And he measured the city with the reed, twelve thousand furlongs. The length, and the breadth, and the height of it are equal." Rev. XXI, 16.

Twelve thousand furlongs—7,920,000 feet, which being cubed, is 496,793,088,000,000,000,000 cubic feet. Half of this, we will reserve for the Throne of God, and the Court of Heaven; add half of the balance for streets, leaving a remainder of 124,193,272,000,000,000,000 cubic feet.

Divide this by 4066, the cubical feet in a room 16 feet square, and 16 feet high, and there will be 30,321,843,750,000,000 rooms.

We will now suppose that the world always did and always will contain 900,000,000 inhabitants, and that a generation lasts 33⅓ years, making 2,700,000,000 every century, and that the world will stand 100,000 years, making in all 270,000,000,000,000 inhabitants. Then suppose there were 100 such worlds, equal to this, in number of inhabitants and duration of years, making a total of 27,000,000,000,000,000 persons. Then there would be a room 16 feet long, 16 feet wide, and 16 feet high, for each person and yet there would be room.

The Value of Forest Trees.—The remarks which follow are credited to Dr. Hawks, and are worthy the earnest and serious attention of every benevolent and patriotic mind.

"Civilization uses a vast amount of wood, although for many purposes it is being fast superseded; but *it is not the necessary use of wood that is sweeping away the forests of the United States, so much as its wanton destruction.* We should look to the *consequences* of this. Palestine, once well-wooded and cultivated like a garden, is now a desert—the haunt of Beudouins; Greece, in her palmy days the land of laurel forests, is now a desolate waste; Persia and Babylon, the cradles of civilization, are now covered beneath the sands of deserts, produced by the eradication of forests. It is comparatively easy to eradicate the forests of the North, as they are of a gregarious order—one class succeeding another; but, the tropical forests, composed of innumerable varieties, growing together in the most democratic union and equality, are never eradicated. Even in Hindostan, all its many millions of population have never been able to conquer the phœnix-life of its tropical vegetation. Forests act as regulators, preserving snow and rain from melting and evaporation, and producing a regularity in the flow of the rivers draining them. When they disappear, thunder-storms become less frequent and heavier, the snow melts in the first warm days of spring, causing freshets, and in the fall the rivers dry up and cease to be navigable.—These freshets and droughts also produce the malaria, which is the scourge of Western bottom-lands. Forests, although they are at first an obstacle to civilization, soon become necessary to its continuance. Our rivers, not having their sources above the snow line, are dependent on forests for their supply of water, and it is essential that they should be preserved."

In Virginia the severity of the winter, and the drouth of the spring have operated injuriously upon the wheat crop of that State. The appearances now are not flattering. But, spring rains and auspicious weather may yet bring abundant crops.

Since it has become the fashion for men to confess their past errors very freely in books, it is boldly asserted that there is no material difference between an autobiography and a *naughty* biography.

The doctors are beginning to discuss the powers of electricity as a remedial agent. So we suppose they are only going to abandon the old modes of killing for one more "shocking."

An experienced woman asserts, that when men break their hearts, it is all the same as when a lobster breaks one of his claws; another sprouting immediately, and growing in its place.

The following advertisement lately appeared in an English paper:—"Wanted, a man and his wife to look after a farm, and a dairy with a religious turn of mind without incumbrance."

In May, 1854, Ohio had within a fraction of five million of sheep. The counties of Columbiana, Licking and Harrison have about 130,000 each.

A Music Dealer recently received an order for "2 coppys weave me no God a chaplet,"—the man wanted the ballad, "Weave me no gaudy chaplet."

Mr. Simples wants to know if a "Board of Trade" trades in boards. Mr. Simples is to build a wheelbarrow, and wan's to know the price of lumber.

For the Farmer.

From the Ohio Observer.

THE DROUGHT AND ITS LESSONS.

Let us look first for the economical lessons, which may be gathered from the Drought and its results. This is the second Drought which has occured in ten years—one in 1845, the other in 1854. There is usually in August a lack of moisture to sustain vegetation. The Western Reserve is a land of cheese and butter. The general effort of farmers is to produce as much as possible of these and as little of anything else. The effort is to push off all kinds of stock, and to buy cows, cows, cows. Another class of farms is devoted to the maturing of cattle for the butcher, and the talk of their owners is of bullocks, but the plow is little used and on some farms not at all from year to year.

It seems bad economy to depend entirely upon one resource anywhere, but especially in such a climate as this.—There will always be liability to failure, which shall bring distress upon the whole community. This is true in the South, where one staple, as tobacco, rice, cotton or sugar is the sole dependence; if that fails, there is of necessity commercial trouble, and the greater, if this failure occurs, as this year, at the same time with a general interruption of confidence in the commercial world.

If a mixed husbandry is pursued, it will rarely happen that all crops will fail. If the grass and corn fail, wheat may be a good crop, and the straw, chaff, and shorts will keep the stock though the winter, and the farmer will not be compelled to buy food for himself and his cattle at the same time.

It is not then the true policy of our farmers to run all to grass, but to pursue a mixed husbandry; to cultivate a few acres in the best possible manner, and raise a crop of wheat, another of oats, another of corn, with potatoes for family use. The amount of stock which could be kept would be diminished, but by no means in proportion to the increased security; for at the same time the amount of winter forage would be increased. The habit of plowing more would increase security in another way. Lands which have been plowed and seeded are much less affected by the drought than natural meadows, except bottom-lands, of which we have very little. In 1845 the crop on plowed lands were double that on unplowed. The early part of last season was wet, so that the proportion was less, though there was great difference. Besides all this, I expect that in less than fifty years, an improved culture will show our clay soils to be the true wheat soils.

The lesson also seems to be taught by this Providence, that there is no safety in stocking farms to their utmost capacity in good seasons. These will occur about as often as the barren ones, while the majority will be of medium productiveness. God taught Egypt, by the mouth of Joseph, to lay by in the fruitful year to supply the lack of the unfruitful. So he teaches us by his Providence. Years of careful observation and experience have convinced me that in good seasons, the farmer should calculate to leave over, in this climate, about one-third of his fodder to provide for the contingencies of the following season, so as to let the abundance of the one supply the lack of the other. But the propensity is to stock up fall, to make up for the loss of the last season; the consequence is, cows have to be bought when high and the farmer is reduced in means. He finds at the close of the season, perhaps, that the price of the product has been diminished, and he has made nothing. The second or third season is short and he sells at a sacrifice, till he thinks he can get through, and he does get though with the loss of some of the weaker ones; but the others are "spring poor," and therefore moderately productive.

The annual August drought suggests another item of economy. Dairies uniformly fall off in this season, and without any necessity. No season, not even the last, has been known to be so dry that a well prepared field would not produce a considerable quantity of corn-fodder, if seeded for that purpose. Every dairyman should sow from one to ten acres, according to the number of his herd, to supply them with green fodder for this season. He could thus increase his number and add greatly to their productiveness, and whatever was not wanted could be saved for winter use. The land being cleared early, would, if properly worked through the season, be in the best order for wheat. It should be put in early so that the crop could be all removed in time for the early sowing of wheat, that being the best season for curing that which is left.